

HELP FARMERS HOLD THE LINE

**Town Men Called as Patriotic
Duty to Assist With
the Crops.**

CAN'T WIN WITHOUT FOOD

**Can't Produce Sufficient Food Unless
High School Boys and Town Vol-
unteers Are Used to Utmost
in Every Community.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If one part of the western front falls to hold, no matter at what cost, when the command has been issued that no ground must be given, the freedom of the world, your freedom, your family's security, are imperiled.

If one state fails to hold its part of the line back home—fails to produce its part of the food crops needed for war purposes—the strength of the battle front is weakened. And as it is weakened your home becomes less secure. That is the personal meaning of the situation.

The gravest period of human history may be described in terms of a popular American expression—and practice. Civilization endures or declines, freedom flourishes or falls, just as that line on the western front "delivers the goods," just as the production line back home "delivers the goods," just as you "deliver the goods."

Will You Deliver?

The western line is making delivery. What about your state, your county, your town—your?

It is necessary in every county and community for emergency farm labor needs this summer and fall to be supplied by emergency workers from the towns of that county and community as far as possible.

Which means that you—a town man of past farm experience—are called, as a patriotic duty, to work on nearby farms this summer and fall at such intervals and for such periods as local conditions may require.

Which means that you—a farmer—must make the best of this emergency help as a patriotic duty. We can't win the war without food; we can't produce food without farm labor; we can't have sufficient farm labor this year unless high school boys and town volunteers are used to the utmost in every community, idlers forced to go to work, every community's entire energy turned to farm work during the "peaks" of cultivation and harvest.

Some town people have had this attitude: "Oh, it is hard work on farms, and the pay is smaller than I earn in town. Why should I lay off from my town job even for a short time and do farm work? Why can't some one else do it? One person doesn't amount to much. So what does it matter whether I do any farm work in this county or not?"

Of course, if you were the only person in all the United States to have a "let-the-other-fellow-do-it" viewpoint it would make no difference. But suppose the other fellow feels the same way. All it would amount to, if that sort of thing continued, would merely be our losing the war. That is the importance of your part.

Some farmers have had this attitude: "Oh, it is hard to make crops with haphazard help—boys and town volunteers. Why can't some other farmers use that sort of help? One farm doesn't amount to much. What does it matter whether I keep up my production by using this emergency labor or not?"

As in the case of the town man, it would be a trivial thing if you were the only one. But the other farmer may conclude he is safe in "laying down on the job" since you are going to do your part. A continuance of that would merely mean—our losing the war. That is the importance of your part.

The only course that is safe and certain is for every town person of farm experience to go to work on farms in his community, when and where he is needed during the heavy periods this summer and fall; for every farmer to

use all the help of this kind that he needs and can secure.

Duty Is the Word.

It will be more or less inconvenient in each instance. It will be more or less of a hardship to each party. The war is chock-full of inconveniences and hardships. The trenches are not places of ease and comfort and financial reward, and the fighters have not fared forth upon joy rides and pleasure parties. They charge into hell, not because it is a pleasant thing to do, but because it is their duty so to do under the grim circumstances of war. The town man must go to the farm for precisely the same reason. The farmer must accept him for precisely the same reason. It is a little enough thing for either of them to do by comparison with the things the men at the front are doing.

It isn't a work to be left to the other state; it must be done in your state. It isn't a work to be left to the other

county and the other town; it must be done in your county and your town. It isn't a work to be done by the other fellow—it must be done by you.

CRAWLS 3 MILES TO PAY BET

**Penalty Paid by a California Banker
in Settling Golf
Wager.**

Oakland, Cal.—Crawling three miles on his hands and knees to the accompaniment of hysterical mirth from his wife and the boisterous taunts of his golf opponent was the penalty that H. A. Mosher, vice president of the Central National bank, had to pay in settling a golf bet with William Cavalier, well-known stock broker.

"I bet I can beat you and do the whole 18 holes in 76 this morning," was the challenge made at the Claremont links.

Cavalier lost no time in taking up the wager. "I'll take your bet, but I'm sure that you can't that if you lose you must crawl over the entire course on your hands and knees and buy a thousand-dollar Liberty bond."

The terms were accepted. Mosher lost, crawled and bought the bond.

SOLDIERS OF WOMAN'S LAND ARMY



The comforts and pleasures of social life have been foregone by many patriotic girls who are now busy tilling the soil to raise bountiful crops for Uncle Sam. These two farmerettes riding their teams back to the barn after a strenuous day's work in the fields are members of the New Jersey division of the Woman's Land Army of America.

ARE OVER THERE FOR FIGHT'S SAKE

**Yankees as Eager to Get to
Front as Boy Is to Go
to Circus.**

Y. M. C. A. MAN LAUDS MEN

**American Soldiers Full of "Pep" and
Keep Huns Guessing—Tells How
Men Were Rushed to
Picardy Line.**

Washington.—"They are over there for the fight's sake. In three months in France, although I encountered thousands of American soldiers and talked personally with hundreds, I did not meet one who wasn't just as keen to get to the front as well—as a boy is to get to the circus."

Any pacifist, pro-German, or other nondescript laboring under the impression that the American troops are fighting because they have to, rather than because they want to, would be quickly disillusioned after a chat with Ralph W. Harbison, Pittsburgh business man, member of the national war work council of the Y. M. C. A. and head of a commission representing that body, which has just returned from a special mission to France.

Mr. Harbison spent 20 hours with the Rainbow division under heavy fire in a certain one of the American sectors.

"This used to be a quiet part of the front," Mr. Harbison explained. "That is, it was quiet until the Yankees came. Among the troops who had previously held these trenches there had been less than a score of casualties in over a year. The Boche moved about pretty much as he pleased—and really led a placid life."

Keep Huns Guessing.
"Now things are different. Yankee logginess is fairly outdoing itself to make life miserable for Fritz. Worrying him is the daily—and nightly—pastime."

"The thing that you cannot get away from is the high morale of our men. It fairly exudes from them. They have lots of 'pep,' are up on their toes every minute and are sending over ten shells for every three that come our way."

"These Americans also seem to have a monopoly on initiative. They keep Fritz on the jump and have him guessing all the time. But the thing that makes you proudest is that they are playing the game like real sportsmen and in their conversation and conduct even in the front lines reflect the highest ideal of America today."

The determination and grit of the men, Mr. Harbison said, were well

illustrated in the story of the "Grim Private." He was encountered in one of the forward Y. M. C. A. stations located in a shell-torn village at the end of a communication trench, and his grin was in striking contrast to the gayness of the men around him. "Fritz got my corporal yesterday," he explained. "He was also my best friend."

His fists clenched over the rifle in his hands.

"But I go back into the trenches at four in the morning. I'm going to get three Boches. My corporal was worth more than that of them, but three will begin to even things up." He got them.

It was shortly after Mr. Harbison's visit to the Rainbow division that General Pershing put at the disposal of the French the entire military resources of America "over there." Mr. Harbison encountered some of the American divisions as they were being rushed to the front to fill what we now know to have been almost a breach in the allied line.

Y. M. C. A. Beats the Troops.

In this sudden movement of troops, Mr. Harbison said, the American Y. M. C. A. made a remarkable record. In one instance orders came to a certain American division to proceed at once to a point 200 miles distant. The brigadier general in command informed the divisional Y. M. C. A. secretary. Fourteen Y. M. C. A. automobile canteens were immediately loaded with chocolate, food, tobacco and other supplies.

When the troops arrived at their destination they found the Y. M. C. A. men—the same ones that had served them before in the 200-mile distant camp—awaiting them with huge quantities of post exchange supplies and several thousand gallons of piping hot coffee and cocoa, which was given away free.

"Lonely" Soldiers Are Liable to Court-Martial

Anniston, Ala.—Soldiers who advertise in newspapers, magazines and other periodicals as being "lonely" are subject to trial by court-martial and severe punishment, according to orders issued from divisional headquarters at Camp McClellan.

Upon investigation military officials have found that certain soldiers have appealed to the sympathies of the public through such advertisements and have been flooding the regimental post offices with answers to such appeals.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LABOR WAKING UP TO THE AD- VANTAGES OF PROHIBITION.

Speaking of the marked benefits that have come to wage earners from statewide prohibition, Mr. Clint C. Houston, editor of the Denver Labor Bulletin says:

"Since the saloons were closed the money which went to the brewing and liquor interests, now goes to the families. The saloon, which was once heralded as 'the poor man's club' is now known to have been his worst enemy. I do not believe that 15 per cent of the wage-earners of Colorado would ever again vote to re-establish the saloon. In fact, a census which I caused to be made of three building trades unions, one each in Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, shows that when the beer amendment was up for adoption in 1916, only about 5 per cent in these three communities voted for it."

"If the wage-earners throughout the nation can be made to realize what a drain upon their incomes is removed by the passing of the saloon and how their own self-respect and the respect of others is enhanced thereby, they will not only assist in the elimination of the saloon from the various states yet licensing the liquor traffic, but will give support to the national prohibition amendment."

SALOONKEEPER NOT TREATED FAIRLY

A farmer told me that soon after he moved from the country into a little town a man came to him and wanted him to sign a petition for a saloon in his town, and he said, "No I won't sign it," and the man said, "Why?" He said, "Because they don't treat the saloonkeeper fairly." Now this applicant for a license had had many objections made to signing a petition, but never had one of this kind been made before, and so he said, "What do you mean by that?" Here is the explanation: "You think that your saloon will help the town, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "You think that it will bring business and improved trade, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, if that saloon will do what you say it will do, if it will bring trade and improve business, and help the town, they ought to give you a bounty for starting that saloon to help the town and not make you pay a big tax for helping the town with the saloon." Can you answer the logic of that man's argument?—William Jennings Bryan.

"FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR."

When the senate's committee on agriculture was investigating the subject of foodstuffs, the liquor men denied that they consumed as much as the prohibitionists said they did. They declared that they used only one per cent of the grain.

All right, let's take them at their word.

One per cent of the grain will feed one per cent of the people. This means 1,000,000 people, because there are 100,000,000 of us in this country.

We shall probably send 1,000,000 soldiers to France.

This means that the liquor men will have been wasting enough foodstuffs to feed every last man who goes to the trenches!

If food will win the war—as Hoover says—then the liquor men have a fearful responsibility resting upon them when they deliberately waste the food which would give life and strength to our soldiers.

But what about the man whose vote gives the liquor men the right to do this? Every vote for the dregs will help save the soldiers at the front.—"Strengthen America" Campaign Committee.

DR. IRVING FISHER ON MODER- ATE DRINKING.

"The present movement for prohibition is making it clear that moderate drinking is a fallacy. Alcohol is always a narcotic. It paralyzes the brake on the heart beat. The judgment is made incapable of detecting the camouflage. It has been scientifically shown that the typesetter who takes one glass of beer is, to that extent, one-glass-of-beer drunk. . . . The men and women who advocate moderation are responsible for much heavy drinking. The stamp of approval in the drawing-room makes alcohol a desirable commodity among the working class. . . . Alcohol consumes 5 1/2 per cent of the total food values of the United States and 13 per cent of our breadstuffs. It conscripts fuel, transportation—the little neck of the bottle—and man-power. . . . If prohibition is good for wartime, it is better for peace, for that is a longer time. There is then time to establish for the nation the good habits formed in time of war."

MUST HAVE BOYS OR CLOSE UP.

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the saloons this side of h—. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, pay taxes in money or in boys?—Billy Sunday.

"There is something more in patriotism than that which is measured by a court. That sort of patriotism is not worth having."—W. J. Bryan.

No Limit.
The other morning while I was working I was interrupted by my small son with his regular message: "Mamma, I love you," I said: "I'm glad, for I love you. How much do you love me?"
He hesitated a moment, then replied:—"Oh, to the end of the counting!"—Exchange.

Dandruff and Itching.
To restore dry, falling hair and get rid of dandruff, rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The Eternal Feminine.
"I asked the young lady speaker in the debate why the logic of that side appealed to her."
"What did she say?"
"She said, 'Because.'"

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Used by the American, British and French troops. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain relief for tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Go to the ant and get wisdom, young man, and you may not have to visit your "uncle."

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is powerful but safe. One dose is enough to expel Worms or Tapeworm. No castor oil necessary. Adv.

The angler's baited breath catches the big fish stories.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature

Brewster

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but **CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will greatly help most pale-faced people

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD FOR 50 YEARS.

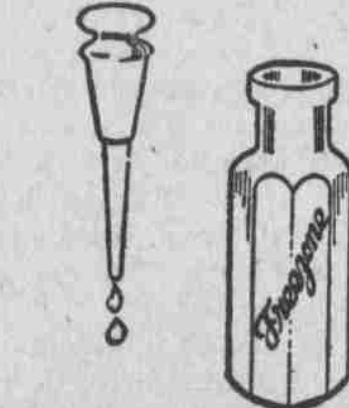
For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER. ALSO A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Sold by All Drug Stores.

Militarist Logic.
"Militarism," said British Delegate Appleton at the recent trade union congress in New York, "militarism and war can't be defeated logically, and the man who tells you that the world couldn't get along without standing armies reminds me of the lecturer who said:
"Ladies and gents, the world could never get along without water, for if we had no water, how could we learn to swim—and if nobody could swim, ladies and gents, just think how many of us would be drowned!"

MAGIC! HAVE IT ON THE DRESSER

**CORNS STOP HURTING THEN
LIFT OFF WITH FINGERS.**

Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching then you lift that corn right off. No pain at all! Costs only a few cents.



Get a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents from any drug store. Keep it always handy to remove hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation. You just try it!
Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

The War Spirit.
"The war spirit that pervades our people from top to bottom," said Mayor Hyman at a reception in New York, "is a truly marvelous thing."
"I heard the other day of a contractor who got a vast ditch built for nothing. He just let it be spread abroad that the boys of the neighborhood could help him dig a trench if they wanted to."

All Complete.
Katherine was playing in her yard, where a little calf was grazing. A woman who was passing remarked, "Why, Katherine, what a cute little calf you have."
"Yes," answered Katherine, "we've got the cow to it in the barn."

Maybe the cheapest way to live is to chew nothing but words. But we confess it's tiresome

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

**Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Restored Her Health.**



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Most clean, ornamental, economical, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't melt or burn anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by druggists, or 5 cents by express, prepaid, for \$1.00.

NIC-O-PINE

An excellent remedy for insects on plants, such as Roses, Palms, Ferns and Vegetable plants or money refunded. Price 35 cents delivered to any part of the United States. Reference: Union Savings Bank.

F. H. KRAMER, Inc., 916 F, Washington, D. C.

AT LEAST HAD ONE REQUISITE

Would-Be Bridegroom Wouldn't Have to Trouble Camp Authorities to Provide the Girl.

Place—Hostess house, Camp Dodge. Phone ringing: This is the Hostess house, Mrs. Dunshee speaking. Voice from Des Moines—I am a corporal from—. Can you locate a chaplain for me? Mrs. D.—Yes, I am sure I can; what shall I tell him? Voice—Well, I want to get married; could I out there? Mrs. D.—Yes, I can arrange everything for you, but you must have a license, and of course the girl. Voice (wearily over the phone)—Well, the girl is all I have so far. Thank you; good-by.—Y. M. C. A. War-Work Bulletin.

Picking Experience.
First Chorus Girl—Rather an old boy who took you out to supper last night. I didn't know you cared for this dotation business.
Second Chorus Girl—The old grandpa you refer to may be in his dotation; but believe me, Mamie, he does understand table d'hôte-age.—Judge.

Change of Color.
Knicker—who has succeeded the green-goods man?
Bocker—The blue-print man.

**Do You Know
The Fine Flavor
of POST
TOASTIES**

IS FOUND IN NO OTHER CORN FLAKES

Bobby

The photo shows Canadian detonating Mills' bombs in the reserve lines.

BOMBS FOR THE HUNS



The photo shows Canadian detonating Mills' bombs in the reserve lines.